

and man's surroundings. Civilizations continue because people hate them. A modern city is the exact opposite of what every one wants. Nineteenth-century dress is the result of our horror of the style. The tall hat will last as long as people dislike it. Dear Robbie, I wish you would be a little more considerate, and not keep me up so late talking to you. It is very nattering to me and all that, but you should remember that I need rest. Good night. You will find some cigarettes and some flowers by your bedside. Coffee is served below at 8 o'clock. Do you mind? If it is too early for you I don't at all mind lying in bed an extra hour. I hope you will sleep well. You should as Ooyd is not on the verandah.¹

Tuesday morning, 9.30.

The sea and sky are opal—no horrid drawing master's line between them—just one fishing boat, going slowly, and drawing the wind after it. I am going to bathe.

6 o'clock.

Bathed and have seen a chalet here which I wish to take for the season—quite charming—a splendid view: a large writing room, a dining-room, and three lovely bedrooms—besides servants' rooms and also a huge balcony.

[In this blank space he had I don't know the scale of the SWiSSSea SStob] ^P drawing, but the rooms are larger

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| | than the plan is. |
| 1. Salle-a-manger. | All on ground floor |
| with steps | |
| 2. Salon. | from balcony to ground. |
| 3. Balcony. | |

The rent for the season or year is, what do you think?—£32.

Of course I must have it: I will take my meals here—separate and reserved table: it is within two minutes' walk. Do tell me to take it. When you come again your room will be waiting for you. All I need is a *domestique*. The people here are most kind.

I made my pilgrimage—the interior of the chapel is of course A modern horror—but there is a black image of Notre Dame de Liesse—the chapel is as tiny as an undergraduate's room at Oxford. I hope to get the *cure* to celebrate Mass in it soon;—as a rule the service is only held there in July and August; but I want to see a Mass quite close.

¹A reference to the *Vaifhma Letters* of Stevenson which Wilde read when he was in prison.